

Hammond (N. J.)

A D D R E S S

DELIVERED AT A SUPPER

GIVEN BY

THE FACULTY TO THE STUDENTS

OF THE

Atlanta Medical College,

ON THE

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13TH OF AUGUST, 1855.

BY N. J. HAMMOND, ESQ.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA:

C. R. HANLEITER AND CO., PRINTERS.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ATLANTA, August 18, 1855.

DEAR SIR: The undersigned Committee appointed by the Faculty to ask for publication your excellent Address to the Medical Class on the 13th instant, would be pleased to have you furnish them with a copy of the same at your earliest convenience.

Very truly,

J. P. LOGAN,
J. BORING,
J. G. WESTMORELAND, } Committee.

To N. J. HAMMOND, Esq.

CATOOSA SPRINGS, Georgia, August 21, 1855.

Drs. J. P. LOGAN, J. BORING, and J. G. WESTMORELAND, Committee.

GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt of a letter from my father enclosing a note from you, as a Committee of the Faculty of the Atlanta Medical College, requesting for publication a speech delivered by me, on the 13th instant, at a supper given to the Students of the College.

Knowing how awkward a *Supper-Table Speech* generally appears in print, I would fain decline the proffered honor; but supposing its publication may tend in some sort to direct attention to your young College, and thereby indirectly benefit our common home, Atlanta, I forego all selfish considerations and will grant your request. I will be at home in a few days, and will furnish you my manuscript as soon as practicable.

With distinguished considerations for yourselves, gentlemen, and high hopes for the success of your noble enterprise, I have the honor to subscribe myself your young friend,

N. J. HAMMOND.

ADDRESS.

Students of the Atlanta Medical College :

I gladly answer the call upon me to-night. It is at all times pleasant to meet a social gathering of gentlemen on a convivial occasion. We come together, each having a common desire to promote the enjoyment of every person present. All distinctions of avocations which separate us in the every-day walks of life are unthought of. All differences in political opinions are forgot. Whether we stand upon this, that, or the other platform, is a matter of little moment. We meet around the supper table, a platform obnoxious to none. We present the anomalous page in the history of conventions of a large and highly respectable party, each member of which avows, and is ready to prove by demonstration, that we are held together by a desire to participate in the division of "the loaves and fishes."

But the pleasure felt on such occasions generally is enhanced at this time. We come not to pass an hour in pleasant conversation, gay laughter, and sparkling wit, and then part with no expectation of seeing each other again. We desire by this evening's entertainment to perfect a more intimate acquaintance and establish a more cordial intercourse between yourselves and the citizens of Atlanta. In behalf of those citizens we welcome you in our midst, and desire you to look upon us no longer as strangers, but as fellow-citizens so long as you sojourn among us, as friends so long as Atlanta and your connection with it shall be unforget.

We rejoice at your coming amongst us, not solely because of the pecuniary advantages which your presence from year to year vouches-safe to our city. (You will doubtless remember that, a few days ago, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of your College, our worthy friend Judge EZZARD, in urging upon the people the necessity of fostering the institution that day established upon a firm basis, appealed to their pecuniary interest alone. He showed, you know, most conclusively, that

every man in the city would be individually benefitted in a pecuniary point of view, and indeed his remarks were so very general, that I suppose they included even PILGRIM, our worthy sexton, who lives upon Death !) But we hail your coming because it will bring into our young city a large body of well-educated, high-minded, and polished young men. We expect to be able to perceive, even by a casual observation, a change in the intelligence, ease, and affability of our citizens, brought about by your influence. We expect honor abroad for starting out from our midst annually so many useful citizens. We expect blessings abroad for sending out into the world so many scientific physicians to alleviate the physical pains of suffering humanity.

No profession, gentlemen, is better calculated to make you both well educated and scientific, and at the same time render you so dear to the hearts of all intelligent persons as medicine. Its age elicits the respect, while its usefulness challenges the love, of mankind.

In speaking of its age, however, I would not make it as hoary-headed as some would have it. Because, probably, never since our once sinless parents trod the perfumed walks of Eden has man been free from physical suffering, some of the devotees of medicine refuse to give any date to its birth. They would almost have us believe that Abel struggled in death, and that his mother pillowed his head upon her lap and tried with some unknown preparation to check the warm blood gushing from the wound inflicted by his brother's hand. But when men saw the rising and setting suns of hundreds upon hundreds of years, I apprehend that their systems suffered but little physical derangement. With the juice of some crushed herb they probably eased their pains, and with draughts from some bubbling fountain gave vigor to their systems. Addison declares that the existence of doctors and short-lived men has been contemporaneous, and makes a guess as to the existence of which made a necessary consequence of the other. Without committing ourselves on this last (to some) doubtful point, I feel safe in saying that Mathuselah never shook hands with a devotee to the *Ars Medica*.

It is said that the streets and market places of the Chaldeans and Babylonians were at one time made loathsome by the pre-

sence of the diseased, waiting for a suggestion from some passer-by which might restore them to wonted health. But we take it that their knowledge of medicine was about as perfect as that of our old women of the present day, who believe religiously that ginger tea and hot bricks are the very best applications, internal and external, in any case, from the scratch of a pin to the fracture of the spinal column.

I do not by any means wish to disparage your science, gentlemen, by taking away from it the years which have been ascribed to it by others. It is the boast of the Astronomer that his is the most ancient of all sciences; yet, for my part, I find more pleasure in dating its birth from the time at which the Ptolemies noted their observations in the *Almagest*, and in watching its healthful growth under the fostering care of Kepler of Germany, Tycho Brahe of Denmark, and Copernicus of Prussia, than in supposing that it first saw the light five hundred years before Christ, with Pythagoras at the school of Crotona.

When, in imagination, I see Galileo, in 1609, for the first time point his telescope to the star-studded sky, and behold him exult as he discovers the satellites of Jupiter, the encompassing rings of Saturn, and the seas and mountains which cover the face of the moon, I confess that I forget to sympathize in the patient mental suffering of the men of Chaldea, China, India, and Egypt, who vainly sought to learn something of the blazing worlds which, like islands, studded the ether ocean above them.

No doubt something was known both of astronomy and medicine also thousands of years before the Christian era, but to call that knowledge the sciences of astronomy and medicine is to call dark night day, simply because the moon reflects a few rays of light from the unseen sun.

It will not be expected that a person of my profession will be able to interest you in the History of Medicine. Your profession, if I mistake not, ascribe the healing art in its first tangible shape to the great student of the Centaur Chiron. I know nothing of him except what I have picked up in classical literature. The ancients made him a god, and relate many amusing things concerning him. Ovid tells us that he was the son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis; or rather, that he was the son of Co-

ronis, who had been unfaithful to the bed of her lord for which he killed her, having first taken the child from her womb. From this it would appear that he owed his life to the performance of the Cæsarean operation. Not liking an account which makes the god of the healing art to have been a bastard, I prefer another from the Greeks which contends that he was born from the egg of a raven. I take this to be true in the main, and would correct it in but one particular. I rather suppose that the egg from which he was born was not that of a raven but of quite a different bird; for I believe all are now agreed that Æsculapius was a *regular Shanghai*.

Of his merits as a physician I can not speak knowingly. Apollodorus informs us that he possessed the blood which flowed from the veins of the snaky-haired Medusa, and that with that which came from her left side he worked the destruction of men. Since I have learned by observation, (of course I cannot speak from experimental knowledge,) that the *source* of the blood which is situated upon the left side of a woman as beautiful as Medusa will run a man crazy at the present day, I find no great difficulty in believing that the *blood itself* would work most instant death in his day and generation.

For a number of years after him the Asclepiades were the sole repositories of his learning. From the fact that they were sworn to act in concert, and not to disclose their secrets to any one who did not belong to their order, I suppose they may afford some clue as to the origin of the Know Nothings. This guess is rendered more probably correct, from the fact that the former had the same object in view as the latter, though they operated upon different subjects. The one attempted to counteract the derangements of the body physical, the other intends to cure the diseases of the body politic.

Hippocrates did some valuable work upon the building whose corner-stone had been laid by Æsculapius. But from his time to that of Aristotle nothing was done upon it of lasting importance. *He* brought to it the powers of a master-builder. In speaking of him McCauly says, "Both in analysis and in combination, that great man is without a rival—no philosopher has possessed in an equal degree the talent either of separating established systems into their primary elements, or of connecting detached phenomena into harmonious systems.

He was the great fashioner of the intellectual chaos ; he changed its darkness into light, and its discord into order."

It was reasonable to suppose that one of such ability and skill, when he applied himself to medicine, would have stripped it of its crudities, taken away its superfluities, made sure what remained, and made valuable additions to it.

This latter he undoubtedly did, but he loaded his work with so much material which was unconnected with the science, and heaped upon it so much rubbish that had to be cleared away by his successors, that he did but little towards the advancement of medicine. We again quote from McCauly—"The general propositions of Aristotle, are valuable ; but the merit of the superstructure bears no proportion to that of the foundation." So far your science had breathed almost exclusively, the atmosphere of Greece. Among a people hardy and warlike, by whom *Virtus* was translated personal prowess only, he whose only recommendation was that he could heal a wound or cure a sick man was held in no high estimation. Indeed, I believe we are informed by Gibbon, that none were physicians at Rome, except slaves.

But now she sat mistress of the world ; now her savage nature was in some degree eradicated ; above all, now enervated by indolence, and debilitated by luxury, disease fell heavy upon her and she yielded a reluctant respect to the men of your profession.

Celsus wrote, classical in knowledge, chaste in expression, and elegant in style. One of extensive information, and matured judgment holds this language—"Roman literature, otherwise so barren of good medical authorities, can boast of possessing in Celsus one, who, for elegance, terseness, learning, good sense and practical information, stands unrivalled. Every branch of the profession has been treated of by him, and it may be well said of him, *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*"

Passing as unworthy of notice, (in a review which only takes the most prominent points,) Pinely and Dioscorides, and with them the vagaries of a hundred years, we come to Galen.

Upon the authority of Dr. Adams, "he was a man skilled in all philosophy, a profound reasoner, an ardent admirer of truth, a worthy member of society, and a distinguished ornament of his profession." His star shone in unrivalled splen-

dor for fourteen hundred years, and even now, throws back its light over the path of him who wanders about in search of profound scientific lore.

He first discovered that our arteries contained blood. Prior to that discovery, you know, Erasistratus had taught that the arteries of the human body were filled with gas. We hope the old gentleman has gone where his knowledge has been made perfect. But we would congratulate him upon approaching so near the truth as he did; for while we know gas does not fill our arteries, we know equally well that it is found in no small quantities in mens' heads. Erasistratus made a mistake as to its location only.

From that time, barring a few disparagements, your science has had a steady growth. The crusades ran the world mad with excitement: they brought men into strange lands; presented to view strange objects, and medicine received its share of the general improvement resulting from the intercourse of all nations. The learning of earth's different nations was like the waters of a stagnant ocean, and it was well that such a wild tempest of enthusiasm should lash it into an healthful commingling.

The old feudal system was in some sort broken down, and with a cessation from its constant petty wars came leisure for study. The invention of printing gave to medicine, as to every other department of knowledge, a fresh impetus. Man had learned also, "to map out the once blank ocean and turn over the winds to the custody of commerce." The discovery of new countries opened a wider field before the scientific traveler. Herbs which before had but perfumed the breezes, kissing the leaves of our vast forests, or made glad the eye of the Indian hunter, were now collected and made useful by the devotee to your science. Not the least important of the acquisitions of medicine during the seventeenth century, was the discovery of the circulation of the blood, by Harvey.

But that hundred years passing away, and as the eighteenth century dawned upon the world, Stahl, Boerhaave and Hoffman, stood upon the stage contending for the mastery.

Not being very well acquainted with either the names or respective merits of the many medical celebrities who have flourished from that time till now, I would persuade myself that any attempted notice of them would be inappropriate to

this occasion. Indeed, in the foregoing, I have necessarily left out much history, not only of deep interest but of great importance. But he who would give a detailed history of the vast accumulation of knowledge, which during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has constituted the science of medicine, would take upon himself a task akin in difficulty to an attempt to examine seriatim the minerals which compose a lofty mountain.

I fear, that in saying what I already have said, after declaring that I knew nothing of the history of medicine, I have laid myself liable to some such criticism as was visited upon Mr. Stephens for disapproving in most unqualified terms, of the principles, aims and objects of the American Party, after premising that, of those principles, aims and objects, he knew literally nothing. If, however, by committing great blunders and inaccuracies, I have been guilty of a crime in maiming a science which you consider so nearly perfect, you cannot properly charge me with the intention, however properly my failing to have informed myself upon so important a subject, may render me answerable for criminal negligence.

Some of you may be displeased with my remarks as to the age of your science, but I think unjustly. No doubt the stream of medical science percolated the earth unseen, almost from time immemorial; but I take it that the fountain did not burst forth until it reached the rich soil which supported the *Æsculapian* schools. From that time, I grant you its course has been plainly traceable, though it has at times been interrupted by charlatanry and empiricism, corrupted by foreign elements, turned from its channel occasionally by superstition, dammed up by prejudice, and even at one time, almost denied a bed by civil oppressions, the bane of all knowledge, of all progress of any kind of science. To-night its location is clearly defined, and it affords draughts refreshing to the philanthropist, and reflects from its broad bosom the beauties of centuries to the eye of the exulting student. Those draughts and those views your Faculty here present to your lips and place before your eyes. For your own sakes, for the sake of humanity, render not yourselves unworthy of such privileges.

It would give me pain to know that any of you have chosen this profession with no higher aim than becoming rich. If, how-

ever, there be one such person here, I would remark to him *en passant* that he is wasting time in studying medicine. Let him first read the Autobiography of Barnum, that he may learn to lie unblushingly, and how to gull the credulous. Then let him invent a system of his own; or if he be not gifted with inventive talent, he can pick up something of the many nostrums and isms which disgrace the nineteenth century. It is immaterial what, so he professes to cure everything. He may, for instance, promulgate that if a teaspoon-full of calomel should be thrown into lake Superior, and an ounce of tartar emetic into lake Michigan, he who would drink a thimble-full of the waters mixed once in a century, might look upon Mathusalah as having been but a beardless youth. (I hope the Homœopathists will not suppose this intended for them.) Or if that will not suit him let him adopt the plan of a man, (a preacher, by-the-bye,) whom I met at Jonesboro a few days ago—let him get a big black negro wench, dress her up in a blue tarletan and gold chain, and declare that when put into a clairvoyant state, she can tell the disease of any man in Europe, Hayti or Otaheite, simply by hearing his name, or seeing a piece of his grandmother's old bonnet-string. Let him burn all scientific works; let him talk learnedly; let him boast like Paracelsus, who, in the preface to his "Paragranum," declared that "the very down of his bald pate had more knowledge than all their writers; the buckles of his shoes more learning than Galen and Avicenna, and his beard more experience than all their universities." Let him have flaming advertisements, headed by rampant horses, crawling serpents and fiery dragons, and he need not fear the result. With a world full of fools for his patients, he will grow most contemptibly rich, and most richly contemptible.

Nor should you be enamored of your science for its beauty only. The Geologist wanders about through caves and mountain-gaps in search of rare fossils and sparkling minerals; he examines strata thrown up by volcanic action, and reads upon the pages of rock a history, not perishable, but stamped with the hand of nature's God, of a world whose age the numbers of arithmetic cannot reckon. The beauty and sublimity of his researches alone would amply compensate him for all his study and all his toil. But it is by applying his information to agri-

culture, mining, &c., that he elicits the respect and commands the admiration of the world.

So with you, gentlemen. You may, in the study of your botany, deal with flowers only less fragrant than those which scented the bowers of Eden: you may find in chemistry beauties unknown to earth's unlettered sons: you may gain pure devotional pleasure in studying the mechanism of man—the *chef d'œuvre* of the Omnipotent. But it is not without enriching your *Materia Medica*, perfecting your anatomy, or by actual practice, curing the maladies of men, that you will draw forth the quotation from old Homer—

“A wise physican, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.”

Be active, then. A vast field of usefulness lies before you. The diagnosis of diseases, for instance, is but imperfectly understood. Hydrophobia defies all cure; consumption draws slowly millions to the tomb; variola makes the world frightfully loathsome with the spectacle of its victims, while yellow fever, with a touch more deadly than “the stroke of the destroying angel in groaning Egypt or Assyrian camp,” ravages earth.

Discard from your minds that creature of a fool's brain—that ambition in a young man is the index of a disordered head. Without it, man is but as a splendid machine without a hand to work it. No man ever yet attained to usefulness, greatness or excellence, whose soul did not

“burn with virtuous flame
To rise to glory or to die to fame.”

Be active, and remember, oh! remember, that as you go forth into the field prepared or unprepared, you render yourselves a blessing to your race or careless murderers in the sight of your God.

To you, Trustees and members of the Faculty, I would return my acknowledgments for the honor conferred upon me in calling on me to-night to address the students of the College in behalf of yourselves and the citizens of Atlanta.

Those citizens rightly understand and properly appreciate your valuable services for our city's good. They thank you that you have not despised “the day of small things.” In founding this institution you have exercised great perseverance

and promptitude of action. A summer course of lectures in medicine has long been a desideratum in Georgia. You have given yourselves to the work and selected Atlanta as the field for your operations. Many thought that selection would prove to be not only injudicious but ruinous to the enterprise.

It was no uncommon thing for men abroad, Georgians, too, to give Atlanta a character but little removed from that of Botany Bay. It made no difference if they had not been here during the last six or eight years—it was useless to talk to them of improvement. Not knowing that we were a city counting eight thousand inhabitants, and paying taxes upon three millions and a half of dollars' worth of city property, they looked upon us as a collection of paupers and a congregation of rowdies.

Tell them that in our midst the steeples of ten churches pierced the clouds, pointing to the Christian's God, and they could only account for such falsehood by knowing that you yourself were from Atlanta. Inform them that they might remain a month in our midst and not see one of our citizens drunk in the streets, and they were ready to swear that they were acquainted with your character for truth and veracity in the neighborhood in which you lived, and from that acquaintance would not believe you upon oath in a court of justice.

If, by chance, they met with a person well-clad, intelligent and polite, if they believed him at all when he said he was from Atlanta, they seemed sorry for their new acquaintance, as one might be supposed to pity an angel who had lost his way to Heaven, and by mistake settled down in Pandemonium.

Nor were our better-informed neighbors at all anxious to remove these false impressions. They would have had fixed upon Atlanta as immortal the character which she once so richly deserved. While we despised the jealousy which dictated such a course, it was flattering to our pride, for observation had taught us that

"Envy will *merit* as its shade pursue,
But like the shadow proves the *substance* true."

Even now, when they know our present attainments, and that the causes which made our city what it is, have only gained strength by age, they ask tauntingly, What is there to keep your city up? Will it not inevitably become a hole for bats and a roost for owls?

We tell them no, and for three very good reasons :

In the first place it is easier to get here than to any other place under the sun. Secondly, it is the healthiest place in Georgia. I believe the number of females and young ones is a good index to the healthfulness of any city, and we defy the world to show a place with the same population which can count more women and children *to the acre*. Thirdly, and above all, we have got more corn and more meat for less money than can be found anywhere else, from the mountain to the seaboard, and we have the best authority for saying that "where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together."

But there was another objection to the establishment of this institution more formidable, because it sprung from a disinterested opposition, and because it awakened serious misgivings in the minds of some of the warmest friends of the enterprise. That objection was that there were already too many medical colleges in the country—that their multiplicity destroyed their influence and detracted from their respectability.

There is nothing which so incessantly jars our auditory nerves as this everlasting harping about "too many schools, too many newspapers." Old fogies declare that our fathers studied geometry, for instance, for its practical use in after life; that they learned the ancient languages because it improved their literary taste and strengthened their minds. But our college students of the present day, they say, know nothing of the former save how to describe a circle by the smoke arising from a fine Regalia, or to arrange with precision the angles of the square formed by the fashionable tie of a fancy cravat, and that the only language *learned* by them is entitled to the appellation "ancient" only because it has been the vernacular of blackguards from time immemorial.

They almost go into spasms at the thought that almost every country town in the United States, which can afford a grocery and a public horse rack, has also a newspaper. The editors of the present day are characterized by them as a set of men who get a hard-earned living by the Sheriff's advertisements of their respective counties, who are exceedingly glad to procure occasionally a good dinner of vegetables and bacon by fulsome puffs of early gardens and commission merchants, whose highest aspirations never go beyond an ambition to be considered

the best posted man in political trash and party clap trap in all their respective militia districts.

(On professional men, these *venerable custodes morum* are peculiarly severe. They say that while there are in the United States only about 2,500 ministers of the gospel, there is about the same number of lawyers and more than 40,000 physicians, thus showing by statistics that a dying man who calls in a minister to despatch his soul to Heaven, may also be attended by one lawyer to carry his goods to his heirs, and two doctors to place his body in the coffin.)

Let us examine these notions, for they are nothing more. Is it true that men are not so well educated now as they were thirty or forty years ago? We think not. Then fewer men received a polished education. The masses, being more ignorant, magnified their merits. Place a few statues in an otherwise unoccupied plain, and surround them by a mist, and each one appears to be a Colossus. But fill that plain with statues, dissipate the mists which have heretofore enveloped them, and while their proportions are not lessened, the contrast is destroyed, and we cease to wonder at the size of any.

So it is with respect to newspapers. Let us compare those of the United States and England. It may be because we are not well informed upon the subject, but we contend that beside the Times, the newspapers of Great Britain are not so very superior to ours. Besides it, there is not in the English dominion a press of higher character than our National Intelligencer, of wider extended influence than the New York Herald. The great age of the Times, its location in London, and the immense amount of capital which it wields, make it an exception. It stands as a huge sun in the zenith of the political firmament of Great Britain, darting its rays to the limits of the Kingdom, and far beyond, invigorating whatever it shines upon, and dooming to chilly death whatever wants its warmth.

But suppose we admit, for the sake of argument, that men of the present times are not as learned individually as the few educated men of former days. Would that prove their position, that a multiplicity of scholars is an injury? Which would Georgia prefer, to have every one of her citizens sufficiently well educated in the agricultural departments of Chemistry and Geology to cultivate properly their respective farms, or to

claim Leibig as one of her native born citizens? While the latter would gain for us the character of being the birth-place of the greatest Agricultural Chemist who ever lived, the former would make the Empire State of the South one vast garden spot.

Which would Americans prefer, the meagre supply of newspapers in Great Britain or the abundant supply in the United States? In our States and Territories we have an annual aggregate circulation of 426,495,978 copies, while England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland, all have a circulation of but 61,495,503. The latter would give us the London Times, the former enables us to boast that we read seven times as much as the English.

To apply this analogical argument to your own profession. When a city was ravaged with a pestilence, which would it prefer, a supply of physicians of modest pretensions, or one physician who knew more of diseases than any other man living? I think they would take the former, even though they were all Thompsonians, believing that the only reason why Elijah went to Heaven without dying was because his prophetic cloak kept him in a continual *sweat*!

Such is this whining about "too many schools, too many newspapers." Ever oppose it. It is not less injurious in its consequences than it is absurd in reasoning. Away with such a philosophy. It would rob the bosom of night of the ten thousand jewels sparkling richly there, that the moon might boast in her train another Mars, another Venus, and another Jupiter. Away with such a philosophy. It would make the rest of earth a Sahara that some land might boast a deeper ocean. Away with it. It would render creation black with darkness that the concentrated rays of the sun might blaze upon some favored spot.

So unfounded was this greatest objection, even when you admitted the false pretences upon which it was based. But I teach you no new lesson, gentlemen, when I declare that it worked you no inconsiderable damage.

Besides this, the people of Atlanta itself had but little faith in the success of the College, and would not speak of it even as being among the probabilities of Atlanta's improvements. The press, so eager to touch upon all other subjects, shunned that one as if its very contact was death.

Under these circumstances, it would not have been surprising had it been born with little strength, dragged out a weary life of a few days, and died. But, as if by a miracle, it sprung like Minerva from the head of Jupiter full-grown and prepared to brook all opposition. Your doors had scarcely been opened when over seventy-five young men enrolled their names as matriculants. No higher compliment could be paid you, gentlemen, than was proclaimed by that result.

In accounting for the success of the College, you cannot quote that "it was owing to a heterogeneous concatenation of *fortuitous* circumstances, superinduced by a succession of unpanelled coincidences." For I have already alluded to a number of *unfortuitous* circumstances which surrounded it.

But more—at a time unprecedented for pressure in monetary affairs; at a time when the heavens were like brass, and men everywhere felt that famine was about to lay his long, lean, gaunt hand upon them and crush them to death, your College Course was commenced. Well may we say, "If these things be done in the green tree what shall be done in the dry?" "What shall be done?" We cannot tell, but this thing is certain, the success of the Atlanta Medical College is no longer a matter of a doubt. On the healthful hills of our youthful city, you have founded a temple in which the sons of the South may congregate to worship *Ægle*, *Hygiea*, *Panacea* and *Iaso*. The South needed it and the South will thank you for it.

Begging pardon for having trespassed upon your kindness so long, I leave the floor with the following sentiment: The Medical Colleges of Georgia: The honor and glory of each should be the common property of all. Entertaining a proper respect for each other, and a proper love for themselves, they will ever grow brighter.

"Till like two twin suns in yon blue vault afar,
Each shall round each revolve a ruling star."

